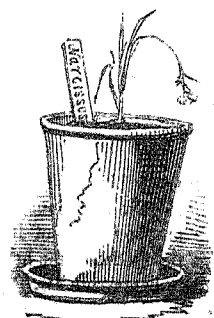


Having beckoned to the shade, it replied by beckoning to him again, when, crawling forward to embrace it, the bank failed, and Narcissus experienced a shocking reverse by tumbling head over heels into the pond. As he had never in all his life learned anything, of course he didn't know how to swim; and his want of cleverness presented a fatal hindrance to his "coming out." Still, as the water was only about three feet deep, he might have escaped; but as he floundered about in the utmost state of bewilderment, a quantity of duckweed entangled his legs and he fell, making an impression of his nose in the mud at the bottom. "Help me! I drown!" was the last exclamation of the terrified youth, while the heartless Echo, catching sweetly the sound as it fell, repeated,—"Drown."

Thus perished Narcissus, a victim to his ignorance of physical science, but the gods, in consideration no doubt of his having been nipt in the bud, and cut off in the flower of his youth, kindly transformed him into a daffodil, thus enabling him once in every year to resume his pristine seedy appearance.



TOMB OF NARCISSUS.